or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legges, take the ſtart, runne away, my conſcience ſayes no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to mee: my honeſt friend *Launcelet* beeing an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kinde of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile wel, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be ruld by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the deuill himſelfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile mee to ſtay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

*Enter old Gobbo with a basket.*

*Gobbo.* Maiſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maiſter Iewes?

*Launcelet.* O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confuſions with him.

*Gobbo.* Maiſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maiſter Iewes.

*Launcelet.* Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes houſe.

*Gobbo.* Be Gods ſonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me





mee whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell

or no.

*Launcelet.* Talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*, ma

nowe, nowe will I raiſe the waters; talke you of young

*Launcelet.*

*Gobbo.* No Maiſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his

though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and

thanked well to liue.

*Launce.* Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke o

Maiſter *Launcelet.*

*Gob.* Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

*Launce.* But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beſeech yo

you of young Maiſter *Launcelet.*

*Gob.* Of *Launcelet* ant pleaſe your maiſterſhip.

*Launce. Ergo* Maiſter *Launcelet*, talke not of maiſter *L*

Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates an

nies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch braue

learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine

gone to heauen.

*Gobbo.* Marry God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaff

age, my very prop.

*Launcelet.* Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell poſt,

or a prop: doe you know me Father.

*Gobbo.* Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gen

but I pray you tell mee, is my boy G O D reſt his ſoule

dead.

*Launcelet.* Doe you not know me Father.

*Gobbo.* Alack ſir I am ſand blind, I know you not.

*Launcelet.* Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you mig

of the knowing mee: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his

childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your ſon

mee your bleſſing, trueth will come to light, muder can

hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende tru

out.

*Gobbo.* Pray you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *L*

my boy.